

The Mirror

OF

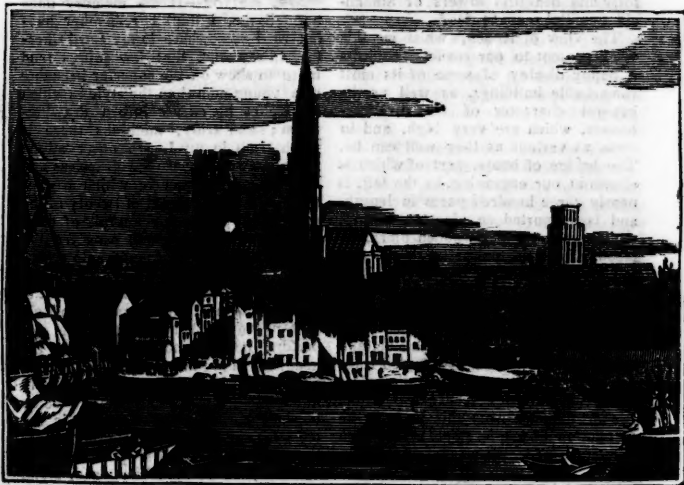
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. XLVIII.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1823.

[Price 2d.]

Rouen.



ROUEN, anciently the capital of Lower Normandy, and now the chief town of the department of the Lower Seine, is one of the most important cities in France for population, manufactures, and commerce. It is the necessary mart for all the articles which the consumption of Paris draws from foreign countries, and the maritime provinces of France.

Rouen, though at first very small, gradually increased by the junction of several islands on the Seine, which were successively united to the main land; and under Charlemagne it became the seat of Government, and money was coined here. The pillage and conflagration which marked the Norman invasion in the middle of the ninth century, was followed by considerable attention to its improvement, when separated from France it became an independent province. Rouen was protected by numerous fortifications, and the Dukes of Normandy were more anxious to strengthen than to embellish the city. The quays still exhibit some vestiges of fortifications, the

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erection of which is attributed to William the Conqueror and his successors on the throne of England, who embellished it with palaces, which they inhabited when the kings of France disputed with them the possession of Normandy.

The feeble reign of King John enabled France to regain Normandy, and with it Rouen. Henry V., after conquering all the rest of Normandy, laid siege to this city on the 19th of July, 1418; but though reduced to its own resources, it repulsed for six months all the efforts of the English army, commanded by the King and the renowned Talbot. Having exhausted its provisions, Rouen endured all the horrors of famine, nor was it until 20,000 inhabitants had perished that it surrendered to Henry. Rouen remained in the hands of the English till 1449, when it returned under the dominion of France. It was during the domination of England that Joan of Arc, the heroic and patriotic Maid of Orleans, was executed at Rouen.

From this period Rouen, notwith-

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standing the numerous conflagrations to which it has been a prey, has increased in extent and commerce. The Seine, which formerly only washed a portion of its ramparts, now flows between banks covered with depots of commerce, handsome barracks, &c. The Boulevards form a luxuriant, lofty, and noble arcade, from which the more lofty and beautiful towers of the ancient capital seem to rise.

The view of Rouen, which we this week present to our readers, exhibits a happy display of some of its most remarkable buildings, as well as the general character of the dwelling-houses, which are very high, and in form as various as they well can be. The bridge of boats, part of which is shown in our engraving, to the left, is nearly three hundred paces in length, and is supported on nineteen barges, which work against wooden piers, by means of rollers, that assist its rise and fall as the tide flows or ebbs. These piers serve to keep the barges in a line when a central one is removed, to permit shipping to pass. The whole is paved with a footway on each side, and has seats for loungers. Loaded wagons can cross it at any time, though it has a considerable descent at low water. A short distance from this bridge, the foundation of a new stone bridge, the first stone of which was laid by Maria Louise, has been commenced, but nothing is doing to it.

The most interesting object in Rouen is its cathedral, but as we intend this to form a distinct article in a future number, we shall pass over it at present.—The church of St. Ouen, is a lovely specimen of the pointed style of architecture; and for boldness, lightness, and purity, is of the first class. The foundation was laid in 1318, by the Abbott, Jean Roussel, who lived to finish only a part of the building. The churches of St. Patrice and St. Godard, have no pretensions to architectural beauty.

Rouen boasts of two Hospitals which are handsome structures. It has also a Corn-Hall, an Exchange, the Drapers'-Hall, and a Hall for Wool, which are good buildings. The Botanic Garden is also worthy of notice.

Rouen is a commercial and manufacturing town of considerable importance, and has had the honour of giving birth to Corneille, Fontenelle, Bochart, and Father Daniel, the eminent historian. The population of Rouen is calculated at 87,000 persons.

COLLOFLEXION; OR, TWELVE CHOICE SPECIMENS OF THE ART OF BOWING.

You will see ten or a dozen fellows bowing, and scraping, every ten minutes at my lord's door—and what is it all?—but mere antics.—OLD PLAY.

From mine own Apartment, Aug. 27.

MR. EDITOR.—If my memory does not fail me, I think I remember having read somewhere in my Lord Chesterfield's works, that few things tend more to shew off the superior breeding of a young man than the style in which he makes his *entrée* into a drawing-room; and truly, methinks there is much truth in my Lord's observation; for when we compare the graceless and embarrassed manner in which we see ten or a dozen men out of twenty of the present day, enter a room full of company, with the ease and sang froid of the old school, we cannot help seeing the justness of the remark. Some men enter a room with an unmeaning sort of smile, or with extended jaws, then walk bolt up to the lady of the house, and perform certain movements with the head, which are intended to comprehend a bow: some sneak into a room, merely nod the head, and then glide into some obscure corner; whilst others, in the most formal manner imaginable, place themselves in the first position, and then in a sort of minuet *de la cour* style, slowly bend the head, their hands at the same time dropping on either side like a soldier at the word "attention!" Now, all these failings should be remedied, but the question is how? All the foreign travel, attendance at courts, gymnasticating, dumb-belling, and dancing-mastering, will not put quicksilver into a man's neck, or wire into his stiff muscles. Bobbing before a glass, endeavouring to look interesting, and studying the true Vestris step, will certainly do much, but not all. I have, therefore, ventured to send you a few specimens of the true art of bowing, for having, as it were, a knack of drawing observations from trifles, I have from time to time, as a silent observer, remarked the singular and various ways in which most of our modern *beaux* salute their friends, and out of many bows which I have noticed, I have selected the subjoined twelve, as they appear to me to be the foundation of all others. Bowing in the streets has almost gone out of fashion, for now-a-days, doffing a castor is considered the height of vandalism or Gothism; be-

sides, in wet or windy weather, it would be wrong, if not dangerous, for cold or rheumatism might be the consequence of such imprudence—not to mention the risk the bower runs of breaking his waistcoat string, or brace spring—O tempora, O mores. Every thing is transmogrified; we don't wear cock'd hats, red waistcoats, and leather continuations now—Corinthianism has come at last. For my own part, I shall for the future adapt my bow to my company: for example, if I were going to dine with Sir John Stiff-Cravat, or Lady Formal, I should certainly sport the Don Guzman, or statue bow: if I were going to patronize Mrs. Squeeze-all's quadrille, I should sans ceremonie shew off the mid mid noddin, or baronet: whereas, if I were to make a call on Mrs. Chatter-all, I should enter her drawing-room with the automaton bow: in short, I shall never shew off the same bow twice, for I find it to be a bad plan, and besides, my rule of variety (which is no small-beer consideration) will save me the mortification of being perpetually pointed out as the stiff-necked man. I have only now, Mr. Editor, to apologise for having taken up so much of your time, and to assure you, that when next I have the honour to meet you, I shall certainly return you my best bow, until which time

I remain, your most obedient servant,
JENN.

1. *The Royal Bow*.—This is rather a formidable undertaking, many attempt it, but few excel. There is a *je ne sais quoi* about it, which has a peculiar character. The graceful swan-like declension of the head, accompanied by an affable smile on its rise, has a very prepossessing appearance. This bow is generally practised preparatory to a drawing-room or levee. Many men imagine they fail in executing it, on account, perhaps, of omitting the royal buttoning up of their coat; others fancy they are too thin to give proper effect to the conge; whilst others, still more rash, condemn Stultz for building such high collars, and giving them such tight waists. But it won't do; the king can do no wrong—but his subjects may.

2. *The Automaton*.—This, as the name bespeaks, is a regular four in a bar sort of bow, a stately movement of the caput and corpus. On horseback it looks uncommonly well, for it merely requires the right hand to be carried to the chapeau in a salute sort of style, and then to raise the beaver in a sweeping way, as much as to say, "Avaunt, ye slaves."

N. B. The effect of all out-door bows depends greatly on the form of the beaver.

3. *The Baronet*.—This bow has not much in it, but still, when Lady Jessica is heard to admire the peculiar bow of Sir Lorenzo Make-face, pride is touched, and emulation prompts a man to acquire the style. It is, however, worth attempting, as it only requires two or three nods in rapid succession; at the same time rubbing the hands, and using a short shuffling step. All this machinery gives a man the appearance of being on very friendly terms with the lady of the house.

4. *The Commoner*.—The swells reckon this bow regularly Gothish, but let me say, there is much cordiality in it which savours of the old school; but it has long been handed over to the real country esquire, for in town it would be considered North Poleish; as entirely taking off the hat is dangerous, troublesome, and vulgar. The commoner was much used in friend Shakspeare's time, it was then accompanied with the cinquepace.

5. *The Swell, or Military*, which in truth is no bow, but merely a pretence, and yet the ladies admire it, and why? Because it is military. It only requires you to bend the body about two degrees out of the perpendicular, and to drop the head in a languishing style on the left shoulder, which signifies as much as to say, "I see ye, my people."

6. *The Ko-tou, or Chopper*, is so named in compliment to the Emperor of China, and is generally practised, not only on account of its facility, but of the rapidity with which it may be performed. All the descendants of our ambassadors to the tea country, are very perfect in the art. Some of the Italian images about the streets give a very fair specimen of the fashion. This mode of salutation easily lets your friend know that you have not time for words.

7. *The Don Guzman, or Statue*.—Dress parties, balls, and dinners, afford an opportunity of sporting this formal bow. The only nuisance in it is, that it is apt to disturb the economy of a good starched cloth, as the descent of the chin on the breast bone must be performed in a solemn and andante movement, which, when well executed, reminds the Company of Act 4, scene 3, of a celebrated opera.

N. B. The bower must not smile whilst making his obeisance, as the effect would be spoilt.

8. *The Professional*.—This bow is very easy, and at the same time expeditious. Six or seven may be made during the time of one Don Guzman.—Lawyers, physicians, masters, public-office men, citizens, and all those sort of genii adopt it, as it shews importance of time, and serves to remind the bowee, that every moment is a guinea, or six and eight-pence. This nld nld noddin sort of bow, will be found very useful in turning corners of streets, should you wish to avoid speaking to a friend.

9. *The Country Bow*.—Put your left-hand into your waistcoat or lower pocket, as a sort of rest, then place your feet in the first position, and wink the left eye at the moment of nodding the caput. This bow is generally practised at watering places by the loungers outside the library door, or by farmers at public meetings.

10. *The Plasterer*.—This bow needs very little description, for there are very few persons I am confident that have not witnessed it. Every clod who has a shilling given him, or culprit that is acquitted, gives a specimen of it.—The trick merely consists in smoothing down the hair with the right hand as soon as the castor is removed, bending the head rather low, and at the same time throwing back the right leg in a sort of Jack-ass kick. Connor, in the Farce of the Duel, gave several superior specimens of this bow. Black greasy hair, combed well over the forehead, adds considerably to the effect of the "Plasterer."

11. *The House of Commons*.—This bow, or rather nod, took its rise in the long sessions of 1814, when many members, worn out with the excessive fatigue they had encountered, found this mode of salutation very useful. It served to remind the opposition that they (the members) were aware of the Ayes and Noes, and that they had not taken a sleeping part. From the house it has found its way to the auction, or assembly-room, where it is quite indispensable, as it saves all danger of breaking the os colli.

12. And last.—*The Esquiste*.—Every young man fancies himself perfect master of this piece of refinement, and therefore, it would be needless for me to lay down any particular rule. It is a sort of finish which is easily gained, and when tastefully executed, looks uncommonly interesting. There is a sort of languishing and affected manner about it which touches the heart, as it were of the young lady, who is the

cause of the throw out of the perpendicular. It is generally noticed that the gill is pulled, or the chin felt with the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, immediately after the performance.—Whether this is to qualify a gentle blush which is apt to flow under some fair skins, or to rectify a stiff cloth, which in the exertion may have been displaced, I cannot pretend to say; but a few hours devotion to the looking-glass, or "Mirror," will soon render a man perfect master of any of the twelve bows above printed. Should my hints be favourably received, I may be induced to send a few more on the art of shaking hands—but enough for the present.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK OF ARCHIAS.

BY THE LATE M. G. LEWIS.

In vol. 1, page 182 of the MIRROR, two translations from the Greek of Archias are given, the same subject has been versified by the late M. G. Lewis, under the title of

THE MOTHER'S ALARM.

With gaudy flowers the cliff was gay,
Whither a child had crept to play,
And o'er the brink was bending.
The mother came—she saw her boy,
Her only care, her only joy,
One crag his fall suspending!

He stretched to reach the flow'rs be-
low—

Ah! should she now to seize him go,
Some start or hasty action
Might plunge him headlong in the flood!
That thought with horror chill'd her
blood!

'Twas anguish! 'twas distraction!

As none but mothers feel, she felt!
In trembling silence down she knelt,
And pray'd to heaven for pity:
Then from her breast the gauze re-
mov'd,

And softly sang the tune he lov'd,
Some lullabying ditty.

He knew the song, which oft to rest
Had charm'd his eyes; he knew the
breast

Which food so oft had brought him:
And still she sang—and still she wept—
And near—and nearer—crept and crept—
Till to her heart she caught him.

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STRATAGEM FOR THE POPE-DOM.

Pope Pius VII. died a short time ago, and the whole Roman Catholic world is anxious as to his successor.

Cardinals are ambitiously struggling to get to be the head of the Church; and even States are endeavouring to influence the appointment, which is elective in the Cardinals, who meet in Conclave. It might be expected that the candidate for an elective sovereignty would endeavour to show himself to the best advantage, both as to mental and physical energies: not so the candidate for the successorship to the keys of St. Peter, who knows that his best recommendation is an infirm state of health, and that if any Cardinal would give a guarantee that he would not live twelve months, he would ensure his election. So convinced are the Cardinals of this, that they sometimes feign weakness or infirmity; and Montalto, Pope Sixtus, is known to have done this for many years. Ricaut, in his Lives of the Popes, gives the following interesting account of the deception:—

When the scrutiny was past, and Montalto thought himself secure of his election, he immediately began to cast off his disguise of humility, with which he had for fifteen years cloaked his ambition; for no sooner were half the votes recited in his favour, by which he found himself secure of his election, but being impatient to enjoy the honours of the Papal throne, he arose on his feet before the scrutiny was wholly finished, and placing himself in the middle of the hall, he threw away his little staff, which he usually carried for a support of his crooked old age, and then strutting and stretching himself bolt upright, he seemed a foot higher than before, so that all wondered to see the Pope grown in a moment so much taller than when he was Cardinal, and with that he began to hem and spit with as much force as any young man of thirty years of age, and of sound lungs, was able to do. At which, the Cardinals, looking one upon the other, wondered at this strange metamorphosis, shewing some kind of dissatisfaction at their choice: and therewith the Cardinal Deacon cried aloud, "hold, fair and softly, here is an error in the votes, the scrutiny is not good." But Montalto would by no means be so put off, but boldly replied, "it is good, it is good," and began to sing *Te Deum laudamus* with such a clear and audible voice, that he made the whole hall ring again; though an hour or two before he did not speak a word without coughing or spitting three or four times.

And therewith placing himself before

the altar, with his eyes on a crucifix, he said a short mental prayer, as was customary; and then the master of the ceremonies asked him whether he was pleased to accept of the papal office? At which, turning about with a majestic and grave countenance, he replied, "We are not now to receive that which we have already accepted; but if you had another Popedom to confer, we were capable also to receive that, for by the grace of God, we are well assured, that we have force and vigour sufficient to rule and govern two worlds with as much felicity as we can do this one Popedom." When the master of the ceremonies vested him with his Pontifical habit, they observed with what marvellous vigour he extended his arms to cloth himself with his robes, which he performed with such haste and agility, as if he feared to lose his office and honour, by appearing slow and inactive, which Cardinal Rustucci attentively observing, said to him, "Most holy Father, the Papal dignity is a most admirable medicine, for it turns old cardinals into young men, and sickly and infirm persons it makes sound and robustious." To which the Pope replied, that it was very true, for he found it so by good experience. But what was most remarkable in this Pope was, that no sooner was the scrutiny passed, than immediately the scene was changed with him, for he was no longer the humble, modest, and infirm Cardinal Montalto, but the haughty, majestic, and grave Pope Sixtus; he was no longer familiar and jocular with the Cardinals, but severe and morose, disdaining to maintain an easy conversation with any; nay, even with those who had promoted him to the Papal dignity.

Being thus habited in his Pontiff's robes, and conducted to Saint Peter's Church, there was a great concourse of people from all parts of the city to behold the new Pope, and being come to the portico, he was met by the canons of that church singing that antiphona—"Exe sacerdos magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo, et inventus est justus." As he passed into the Church, he went making crosses and scattering his benedictions on the people, with such firmness of hand and strength of arm, that they all wondered at the change, and as if they could not give credit to their eyes, they cried aloud, "which is the Pope?" Others also, looking to one another, said, "Is this the Cardinal who the other day was as feeble and decrepid that he seemed

ready to fall at every step? Is this he who walked always stooping with his head hanging down, and awry to one shoulder? But how is he now changed! With what vigour and majesty doth he now walk, like another Aaron!" It is reported, when his physicians came to pay him their respects and adoration, as he sat on his throne in St. Peter's Church, that one of them said to him, "your Holiness seems to have another garb and mein than when you were Cardinal;" to which the Pope replied, "Tis true, indeed, for when we were Cardinals we went always stooping, and poring on the ground to find the keys of heaven's gate; but now having found them, we need not to look so low, but rather cast our eyes aloft towards heaven, having need of no other matter now upon earth."

TRIBUTARY LINES

To the Memory of Shakspeare, on visiting Stratford-upon-Avon.

BY THE LATE BENJAMIN THOMPSON, ESQ.

And can I quit the land where rest the bones

Of him, whom sorrowing Avon still be-
moans,

Without a passing tribute to his song,
The greatest, dearest of the Muse's
throng?

Forbid it gratitude! No longer waste
In idle lounge the time—to Stratford
haste!

Here view with me the tenement,
where first

The light of Heav'n on Shakspeare's
vision burst.

Here learn with me to execrate the
name

Of him, who damn'd himself to endless
fame,

When he destroy'd the tree, whose
branches wild

Were taught to spread by "Fancy's
sweetest Child."

Immortal Shakspeare! I have warmly
felt

Each word that thou hast written—I
have knelt

With awe enthusiastic on thy grave,
Till I have seen thy form above me
wave.

Oh, of thy genius would'st thou deign
to throw

A single ray upon thy vot'ry low,
Then on my lyre I'd strike the note
divine,

Summon with bold command the sisters
nine,

And all my soul should breathe in ev'ry
glowing line.

The Nobelist.

No. XXXVIII.

THE COTTAGER'S DAUGHTER.

"Ah, vices! gilded by the rich and
gay."—SHENSTONE.

When we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling, or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity, or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir William ———, soon after the death of his father, became possessed of a very large estate. Having then the means of enjoying his greatest pleasure (travelling,) he determined upon leaving England, with the intention of returning to it again after he had visited the south of France, Italy, &c. While at Piedmont, descending one of the valleys, where notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir William preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir William was lifted by his servants apparently lifeless. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a venerable old man of the name of Venoni and his daughter. Venoni himself being a little skilled in surgery, bled him, and had him put to bed: in less than a week he was so much recovered, as to be able to enjoy the company of Venoni and his daughter. The latter, whose name was Louisa, attracted Sir William's attention. He found her very conversant, and highly accomplished; her favourite music was the lute, which, together with Venoni's little hand organ, formed the music of his dwelling. Sir William being an excellent performer upon the violin used to join in the harmony with Louisa and her father. Sir William had excited a warmth of affection in Louisa, and Louisa was most dear to Sir William. The passion of Sir William for Louisa became ignited, and there was but one way in which his pride allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this, as a base and unworthy way, but, he was the fool

of words he had often despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last resolved to think no more of Louisa, or at any rate to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or of the restraints of virtue. Louisa who trusted to both, communicated to Sir William an important secret. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air. "That," said she, "nobody ever heard except my father; I composed it to the memory of my dear mother; I sometimes play it when my heart is full of sorrow, and 'twas on that account it came just now across my mind." Sir William pressed to know the cause of her sorrow, when she told him. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbour, rich in possessions but rude in manners, for her husband: the thoughts of which made her miserable. "To marry where one cannot love, to marry such a man, Sir William!" Now was the time for Sir William, an opportunity beyond his resistance. He gently pressed her hand, and said 't'would be profanation to think of such a marriage, praised her beauty, extolled her virtue, and concluded by swearing that he adored her. Sir William improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificance of ceremonies and forms, the eternal duration of those dictated by love, and in fine urged her going off with him. Louisa started at the proposal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for reproach, she could only weep. They were interrupted by the arrival of the father, who told Louisa that he intended she should be married in a week at the farthest, words most dreadful to the feelings of Louisa. In the evening she wandered forth into a thicket formed of poplars, and sitting down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand, indulged her sorrows alone. On a sudden she was arrested by the sounds of footsteps, when she arose, and turning round beheld Sir William. His countenance was downcast; "are you not well, Sir William?" said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken. To which Sir William shook his head, sighed, and said, "This moment I leave you, Louisa; I go to be wretched, but you may be happy with your husband. I go to my native country, to try and procure a sort of half oblivion of that happiness which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa." Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir William's servants appeared with a

carriage for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures, one he had painted of Louisa he fastened round his neck, and kissing it with rapture hid it in his bosom. The other he held out in a hesitating manner to Louisa. "This," said he, "if Louisa will accept it, may sometimes put her in mind of one who never can cease to adore her; she may look on it when this heart shall have forgotten to love, and ceased to be wretched." Louisa at last was overcome. "Oh! Sir William," said she, "what, what would you have me do?" He eagerly grasped her hand, and led her reluctant to the carriage. They entered it, and driving off with great rapidity, were soon out of sight of those hills which pastured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni. Louisa fell; but her sense of virtue was not overcome. Sir William paid her every attention during her journey, and on their arrival in England took her to his seat in the country. Louisa's only pleasures, if they could be so called, were her books, and her music, which served to alleviate for a while her misery, and blunt the pangs of contrition. Sir William's heart was not made for that which he thought it could have performed; it was still subject to remorse, compassion, and love. Louisa never mentioned her wrongs in words, but many times a few starting tears would speak them. Her pangs were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father, a father left in his old age to feel and suffer under his own misfortunes, and his daughter's disgrace. Sir William meant to make some atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty, which is reparation only to the base, but to the honest an insult. But he had not an opportunity of doing that, as he heard that Venoni, shortly after the elopement of his daughter, removed from his habitation, and breathed his last in one of the villages of Savoy. Louisa felt this with anguish the most poignant, and her affliction for a while refused consolation. Sir William now called forth the whole of his tenderness, and attention to mitigate her sufferings; and at last determined upon removing her to London, thinking the gaiety there might contribute to alleviate her grief. In London he hired her a house, but did not live with her. She then felt all the horrors of that guilt, which she now considered as not only the ruin of herself, but as the murderer of her father. Sir William now launched into company, but there the pleasures he experienced

were as fallacious as the friendships of his companions. In the society of Louisa, he found sensibility and truth; hers was the only heart that seemed interested in his welfare. Through grief at last Louisa began to lose her rest, and the colour faded from her cheeks. Sir William observed these alterations taking place: often did he wish to blot out a few months of his life, to be again restored to an opportunity of giving happiness to that family whose unsuspecting kindness he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an assassin. One evening, while Sir William sat in a little parlour with Louisa, a hand organ of remarkably sweet tone was heard in the street. Louisa dropped her lute, and listened: there she heard the old tunes played she had been accustomed to dance to; tears in spite of every effort trickled down her cheeks. Sir William ordered his servant to call the organist into the room: he was accordingly brought, and seated at the door. He played one or two tunes which Louisa well knew; she gave herself up to recollection, and her tears flowed without controul. Suddenly the musician changing the stop, introduced a little air of a wild and plaintive kind. Louisa started from her seat, and rushed up to the stranger. He threw off a tattered cloak, and black patch. It was her father. She would have sprung to embrace him, but he turned aside: at last, nature overcoming resentment, he burst into tears, and dearly pressed to his bosom his long-lost daughter. Sir William stood fixed in astonishment. "I come not to upbraid you," said Venoni, "I come but to seek my child, to forgive her, and to die. When you saw us first, Sir William, we were virtuous and happy; we danced, and we sung. Yet we left our dancing; you were distressed, and we pitied you. Since that day the organ, nor the lute, have never been heard in the fields of Venoni: grief has almost brought me to the grave. Yet methinks, though you robbed us of happiness, you are not happy: or else why that dejected look amidst this grandeur I see you wear, and those tears, which under the gaudiness of apparel, I saw that poor deluded girl shed."—"But she shall shed no more," cried Sir William, "you shall be happy, and I will be just. Forgive, my venerable friend, the injuries I have done thee; forgive me, my Louisa, for rating your excellence at a price so mean. You, my Louisa, continue to love your William but a few hours, and you shall

add the title to the affections of a wife. Let my future care bring back peace to your mind, and its bloom to your cheeks. We will restore your father to his native home, under that roof we will once more be happy. Again shall the pipe and the dance gladden the valley, and innocence, and peace, beam on the cottage of Venoni."

J. F. E—Y.

THE DEATH OF TOMMY.

"O, Tommy! Tommy! pretty dear,"
 Miss Tabitha sat crying;
 "And hast thou left thy mistress here?
 "I little thought thee dying!
 "My arms that never man caress'd,
 ("Nor any reptile like him.)
 "Have held thee to my throbbing breast,
 "That oft were raised to strike him.
 "My voice has in thy praises sung,
 "My virgin knees have nurst thee,
 "Around thy neck I've fondly clung,
 "And oft my lips have buss'd thee.
 "A hand-box shall thy coffin prove,
 "And lined from head to foot be;
 "And, Tommy, to confirm my love,
 "Thy grave beneath my bed be.
 "Nor shalt thou want an epitaph,
 "Thy worth to tell, and laud too;
 "No, darling, no; though folks may laugh,
 "Thy virtues I'll record, too!"

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests in peace the gentle Tom,
 Who ne'er to vice was prone;
 Tibby Tortoise he came from,
 So let his bones alone.
 He never murder'd mouse or rat,
 Nor aught in life could sour him;
 In truth, there ne'er was such a cat,
 So let the worms devour him.

ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN'S WIG.—When Admiral Boscawen added so gloriously to the laurels so often reaped by the British tars, and defeated the French fleet, he was under the necessity of going into a boat to shift his flag from his own ship to another. In his passage, a shot went through the boat's side; when the Admiral, taking off his wig, stopped the leak with it, and by that means saved the boat from sinking, until he reached the ship in which he intended to hoist his flag. Thus, by a presence of mind so natural to the worthy Admiral, was he himself saved, and also enabled to continue the engagement, which ended so gloriously to the British nation.

Autographs, with Biographical Notices.

No. III.

Joshua Reynolds
 W^m Hogarth Benjⁿ West
 Th^o Lawrence P. R. A.
 David Wilkie H. F. J. J. J.

"I want to see Mrs. Jago's handwriting that I may judge of her temper."—SHENSTONE.

Our collection of Autographs this week are those of six of the greatest modern painters of the English school. Three of them are still living, and continually adding to their professional fame. The other three live only in their works, which will never cease to be admired wherever a love of the fine arts is cultivated: and in England they are so well known as to supersede the necessity of describing them.

The first of these eminent masters of the art of design, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, was a native of Devonshire, and was born at Plympton on the 16th of July, 1723. His father was minister of the parish, and gave his son a liberal education, intending him for the church: but young Reynolds was fond of drawing, and when of a proper age was sent to London, and became a pupil of Hudson, a great collector of the works of Rembrandt.

About the year 1749 Mr. Reynolds went to Italy, where he studied two years. The first thing that distinguished him on his return was a portrait of his patron, Commodore Keppel. From this time he became eminent as a portrait painter. He painted few historical pictures; and but one landscape, "A View on the Thames from Richmond," except those beautiful and chaste land-

scapes which compose the back grounds of many of his portraits.

On the foundation of the Royal Academy Mr. Reynolds was appointed president, and delivered his first discourse at its opening, in January, 1769. His late Majesty conferred on Sir Joshua the honour of knighthood.

The estimation in which the pictures of Sir Joshua is held, was strongly manifested by the recent sale of them; when they fetched such prices as were never obtained for portraits. This great painter, the first in England, who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country, died on the 23d of February, 1792.

OF HOGARTH, the Mirror has frequently inserted anecdotes, and in No. 40, we gave a view of his house, with some particulars of his life, which renders unnecessary for us to dwell on the subject; as a humorous and satirical painter, he has never had an equal.—His works are admirable moral lessons, and a fund of entertainment suited to every taste. They are repositories of the manners, customs, and dresses, of the age.

BENJAMIN WEST was not a native of England, though as an artist it was in this country that his genius ripened into almost matchless excellence. Mr. West was born at Springfield, in Pennsylvania, on the 10th of October, 1738.—When a child of only seven years of

age, he made a drawing of his infant sister, and when little older, made a pencil of the fur of a cat's tail, as a substitute for those of camel hair. The parents of Mr. West being Quakers, gave little encouragement to his genius, nor was it until the Society of Friends had solemnly debated the matter, that he was allowed to pursue painting as a profession. After painting with good success in Philadelphia, he went to Rome in 1760, where he remained three years, and then came to this country, where he gave to historical painting a rank it had not previously attained in England. Few painters ever laboured so abundantly as Mr. West, who continued to exercise his profession almost to his death, which took place on the 11th of March, 1820, in the 83d year of his age. His pictures, which are very familiar to the public, still form a most attractive gallery. Mr. West succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, and on his death was succeeded by

Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, the present President, whose autograph we have also given. Sir Thomas is a portrait painter, and at the very head of his profession. No artist of modern times ever perhaps gave to woman so much of her native loveliness as this artist, whose paintings seem to live, breathe, and almost speak.

DAVID WILKIE and Mr. FUSELI, whose autographs form part of our present collection, are both historical painters, though in very different lines. Wilkie is the painter of nature and humble life. Fuseli is a painter of imaginary rather than of real beings; his conceptions have a degree of unearthly grandeur about them: in his line he is however a painter of great talents and genius. Both Mr. Fuseli and Mr. Wilkie are Royal Academicians, and generally exhibit pictures every season.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND.

The Avalanches of Snow are the most common, and yet the most formidable phenomena of the Alps. Happy those who contemplate at a distance, and freed from danger enjoy without fear so magnificent a spectacle, especially during the spring, in which they are the most frequent and considerable; they

behold the snows detached by the winds, or by other causes, from their elevated abodes, precipitated at first in small quantities upon the points of the mountains; then enlarging by degrees as they advance, uniting to their masses the fresh snows, and soon forming gigantic masses; which draw down with an awful crash, ices, stones, and rocks, breaking and overturning extensive forests, houses, and all other obstacles which they meet in their passage; precipitating themselves into the vallies, which they render desolate, with the rapidity of lightning, and frequently overwhelming whole villages with ruin and death! not a year passes without the recital of such dreadful visitations, with which the history of Switzerland is replete.

In the high Alps, and in the vallies exposed to Avalanches, the inhabitants take care to place their cottages upon the borders of the forests, whose fir trees may preserve them in case of danger, and stop their first impetuosity.

The inhabitants of the Mountains of Switzerland are exposed to the falling of the earth, of stones, and of rocks, which are not less formidable than those of snow, and which are accompanied with circumstances still more terrific: the annals of the Valais, the Grisons, the Tessin, and many other Mountainous Cantons, have preserved their history by tradition; and have left the traces of past desolation and ruin.

Hurricanes, mingled with whirlwinds of snow, are likewise very dangerous for travellers passing the high Alps; they obstruct in a short time the roads and passes; they heap together immense quantities of snow; sometimes they envelope men and animals; at other times, they instantaneously blind them, and do not permit them to discern their route; so that they are in the utmost danger of mistaking their way, and falling into the precipices that surround them.

The fissures which inclose the ice, are often found to be of a prodigious depth, and covered, especially in the spring and beginning of the summer, by beds of snow, which hide them from view, and sink on a sudden, when surcharged with any foreign weight. Accidents arising from these fissures are numerous, and form one of the ordinary subjects of caution and conversation among the Mountain-guides. Hunters often meet death in these fissures, or in other precipices near which they daily hazard their venturous steps: the story

of John Helts in the annals of Glaris, of David Zwickl, and especially of Gaspard Stoeri, are still recited and heard with renewed interest and astonishment!

Many of the mountains are themselves remarkable either for productions of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms, for the passes, which have been cultivated, or the beautiful views which all may enjoy who are capable of climbing to the summits; but none of these belong to the highest mountains, where the excessive cold excludes every kind of vegetation. In less than an hour the *Notre Dame des Neiges*, at the summit of Rigi, in the Canton of Schwitz, presents the most beautiful view in all Switzerland, and surpassing every other view in Europe; the most favourable time is about half an hour preceding sun-rise, before the clouds and vapours of the morning have ascended into the air: the temperature is then serene, and an immense picture, infinitely diversified, is unfolded to the astonished spectator! Rossberg, which is separated from Rigi by the little valley of Lowertz, well deserves the attention of every lover of the beauties of Nature: the falling of earths and rocks, which happened on Sept. 6, 1806, after a continual rain of 24 hours, and which covered a space of two leagues in length, and spread 100 feet in thickness over a league in breadth, of desolation, covering and overwhelming the most beautiful and fertile vales of this Canton, destroyed 484 persons, 325 cattle, 2 churches, 111 houses, and 20 stables, in one terrible and awful moment! the compassion and charity of the nation manifested their characteristic merit on this dreadful visitation; for, in a few months, a contribution of 120,000 livres of Switzerland were collected and distributed among the remaining victims of this disaster, in proportion to the losses which they had sustained!

The Canton of the Grisons affords ample and numerous examples of the descriptions already given—its highest mountains extend from St. Gothard to the sources of the Lower Rhine and the Inn, thence North-eastward to the Tyrol; from this principal chain it separates others which extend on all sides, many of which bear perpetual snows, and rise to 10 or 11,000 feet above the sea; but their altitudes have not been entirely ascertained. In the interval which separates them, there are vallies, whose number and intricacy form the Canton into a labyrinth. The whole

country presents mountains so pointed, and so many precipices, that in some commons, it is said, the mothers, when they are obliged to leave their little children to attend their labour in the field, tie them by a long cord, lest by running away too far, during their absence, they should fall from the height of the rocks.

The country of the Grisons is less visited, but is more worthy of the notice of travellers. Nature there presents the most striking contrasts of culture and desolation, of immense seas of ice separating the highest summits; and what is most admirable of all the glaciers of the Alps, that of Bernina, whose ice is several hundred toises in thickness, and which extends nine leagues between the Valteline, the valley of Bergell, and Engadine.

The highest mountains of this Canton, especially those which bound it to the North, to the East, and the South, and those which form the vast mass near the glacier of the Rhine, are all of primitive nature, and are composed of granite and original calcâr.

In passing through the Canton of Valais we find two chains of mountains which encircle the great valley of the Rhone, and separate it from Italy and the Canton of Berne, forming a double wall of great magnitude, charged with enormous glaciers, and bounded by deep vallies; there is no entrance into Valais except by the pass of St. Maurice, and this is so narrow, that the Rhone scarcely finds its way between the rocky partition of the Dent de Morcle and the Dent du Midi, &c. Naturalists observe in the mountains of the Valais, a vast variety of beds, of forms, of inclinations, of rents, and fallings; they are all primitives, with the exception of a small portion of the Northern chain, which is composed of calcareous stones, bedded upon schistus. Gypsum shews itself the whole length of the valley of the Rhone on both banks of the river. The Grimsel, the Gemmi, and Great St. Bernard, stand foremost in this Canton, and never have failed to awaken the astonishment of scientific travellers.

The ridges of the Simplon are charged with six glaciers; the magnificent road which traverses this mountain, deserves notice as one of the most surprising monuments of modern art: its construction cost more than 25 millions of French francs—it affords very diversified prospects—and an easy passage over the Alps.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

MRS. DOBBS AT HOME.

"The common chat of gossips when they meet."—DRYDEN.

WHAT! shall the Morning Post proclaim

For every rich or high-born dame,
From Portman Square to Cleveland Row,

Each item—no one cares to know;
Print her minutest whereabouts,
Describe her concerts, balls, and routs,
Enumerate the lamps and lustres,
Shew where the roses hung in clusters,
Tell how the floor was chalk'd—reveal
The partners in the first quadrille—
How long they danced, till, sharp as
hunters,

They sat down to the feast from Gun-
ter's;

How much a quart was paid for peas,
How much for pines and strawberries,
Taking especial care to fix
The hour of parting—half past six?—
And shall no bard make proclamation,
Of routs enjoy'd in humbler station?
Rise, honest Muse, to Hackney roam,
And sing of—"Mrs. Dobbs at
Home."

He who knows Hackney, needs must
know

That spot enchanting—Prospect Row,
So call'd because a view it shows
Of Shoreditch Road, and when there
blows

No dust, the folks may one and all get
A peep—almost to Norton Falgate.
Here Mrs. Dobbs at Number Three
Invited all her friends to tea.

The Row had never heard before
Such double knocks at any door,
And heads were popp'd from every
casement,
Counting the comers with amazement.

Some magnified them to eleven,
While others swore there were but
seven,

A point that's keenly mooted still,
But certain 'tis that Mrs. Gill

Told Mrs. Grub she reckoned ten:—
Fat Mrs. Hobbs came second—then
Came Mesdames Jinkins, Dump, and
Spriggins,

Tapps, Jacks, Briggs, Hoggins, Crump,
and Wiggins.

Dizen'd in all her best array,
Our melting hostess said her say,

As the Souchong repast proceeded,
And curtsying and bobbing press'd
By turns each gormandizing guest,

To stuff as heartily as she did.

Dear Mrs. Hoggins, what!—your cup
Turn'd in your saucer, bottom up!—

Dear me, how soon you've had your
fill,

Let me persuade you—one more sup,
'Twill do you good, indeed it will:—
Psha now, you're only making game,
Or else you tea'd afore you came.

Stop Mrs. Jinkins, let me stir it,
Before I pour out any more.—
No, Ma'am, that's just as I prefer it.—
O then I'll make it as before.

Lauk! Mrs. Dump, that toast seems
dry,

Do take and eat this middle bit,
The butter's fresh, you may rely,
And a fine price I paid for it.—
No doubt, Ma'am,—what a shame it is!
And Cambridge too again has riz!
You don't deal now with Mrs. Kents?
No, she's a bad one:—Ma'am, she
cheats.

Hush! Mrs. Crump's her aunt.—Good
luck!

How lucky she just turn'd her back!
Don't spare the toast, Ma'am, don't
say no,

I've got another round below,
I give folks plenty when I ax 'em,
For cut and come again's my maxim,
Nor should I deem it a misfort'n,
If you demolish'd the whole quart'n,
Though bread is now a shameful price,
Why did they 'bolish the assize?

A charming garden, Mrs. Dobbs,
For drying.—Ain't it, Mrs. Hobbs?
But though our water-tub runs o'er,
A heavy wash is such a bore,
Our smalls is all that we hang out.—
Well, that's a luxury, no doubt.

La! Mrs. Tapps, do only look,
Those grouts can never be mistook;
Well, such a cup! it can't be worse,
See, here's six horses in a hearse,
And there's the church and burying-
place,

Plain as the nose upon your face:
Next dish may dissipate your doubts,
And give you less unlucky grouts:
One more—you must—the pot has stood,
I warrant me it's strong and good.

There's Mrs. Spriggins in the garden;
What a fine gown!—but, begging par-
don,

It seems to me amazing dingy—
Do you think her shawl, Ma'am, 's
real *Ingby*?—

Lord love you! no:—well, give me
clo'es

That's plain and good, Ma'am, not like
those.

Though not so tawdry, Mrs. Jacks,
We do put clean things on our backs.

Meat, Ma'am, is scand'lous dear.—
Perhaps

You deal, Ma'am, still with Mrs.
Tapps.—

Not I;—we know who's got to pay,
When butchers drive their one-horse
chay.—

Well, I pay nine for rumps.—At most
We pay but eight for boil'd and roast,
And get our rumps from Leadenhall
At seven, taking shins and all.
Yes, meat is monstrous dear all round;
But dripping brings a groat a pound.

Thus on swift wing the moments flew,
Until 'twas time to say adieu,
When each prepared to waddle back,
Warm'd with a sip of Cogniac,
Which was with Mrs. Dobbs a law,
Whene'er the night was cold and raw.
Umbrellas, pattens, lanterns, clogs,
Were sought—away the party jogs,
And silent solitude again
O'er Prospect-row resumed its reign,
Just as the Watchman crawl'd in sight,
To cry—" Past ten—a cloudy night!"

New Monthly Magazine.

LOVE-LETTERS OF HENRY VIII.

[When we reflect on the indifference with which Henry VIII. burst the most sacred ties asunder, and the unfeeling barbarity with which he sent his wives to the block, we are not prepared to expect that his courtship was very gentle, but that he wooed as the lion does his bride. The following translation of some of his love-letters to Anne Boleyn will, however, shew that he could whisper gentle tidings in a lady's ear, and that love for the moment could even subdue the most odious of tyrants.—*Editor.*]

LETTER I.

My mistress and love—My heart and I transmit themselves into your hands; beseeching you to keep and recommend them to your good graces, that absence may not lessen your affection for them: to increase their pains were, indeed, a pity, as absence is pain enough. The more I love, I have thought, to make ourselves present to you a point of philosophy; which is, that the longer the days, the more distant the sun, and yet the warmer so is it with our love; absence distances us, and nevertheless preserves the warmth of our wishes. With a hope that yours are equally as warm as mine, I assure ye the distress of separation is too great; and, when I think of the added burthens to it which I must of necessity bear, the thought were intolerable, but for the strong reliance which I place in your indissoluble affection for me. To remind you of it at any time, as I cannot personally present myself to ye, I send ye what next most pertinent I at pre-

sent can; which is my picture set in bracelets, with all known devices. Wishing myself in their place, when it shall please ye, this is from the hand of

LETTER II.

To my Mistress.—The time has seemed so long since I heard of you, and your health, that the great affection I bear you persuades me to send the bearer to ye, the better to assure myself of that health, and your wishes. Since my departure, I have been apprised that the opinions in which I left you have altogether changed, and that you do not choose to come to court, neither with madam your mother, nor otherwise; a representation which, if true, I cannot enough wonder at, as I am satisfied I never have been faulty towards ye. It does seem to me to be a very poor return for the great love I bear ye, to distance me from the society and person of the woman in the world I most esteem. If you loved me with the kind will I hope for, I am sure our separation will concern ye; although it may not so much affect the mistress as her humble servant. Think then, my mistress, and think well, how grievous is your absence to me, and I will hope it happens not of your inclination. If, in truth, I had to understand, that voluntarily you desired it, I know not what I should do with myself, if not publicly to proclaim my sorrows, and so by degrees lessen their extreme folly. In want of time, I make an end of this rude letter, beseeching ye to give faith to the bearer for all he will say to ye in my behalf. Written by the hand of, in all your servant,

LETTER III.

Although it belong not a gentleman to receive his love in a servant's station, yet, ever in the pursuit of your wishes, I willingly indulge ye in this respect, provided you find the place you have chosen less displeasing than the one I assigned. With my thanks that it is your pleasure still to retain remembrance of me,

LETTER IV.

Although it has not pleased my mistress to remember the promise she made me, when I was lately with her, which was to receive of me, aid, in return for my last letter, to give kind news of herself; still, as it seems to me to be the part of a true servant—particularly as otherwise he may chance to get none—to send and enquire the health of his mistress: I beg to acquit myself of the office of such true ser-

vant, and send ye this letter, beseeching ye to advertise me of your prosperity, which I pray may continue as long as I would have my own. To induce oftener a thought of me, I send ye by the bearer a buck killed by these hands late yesternoon. Think—'tis my hope—when you eat it, of the hunter. In want of room, I end my letter; written by the hand of the servant who often wishes ye in your brother's stead.

LETTER V.

So long has the coming time seemed to me delayed, that I rejoice at its approach as much as if it were arrived; but its accomplishment can never, even slowly, take place, while two persons are separate; than their meeting, no earthly consideration is more desired by me; for what rejoicing in this world can be so great as in the society of her who is my dearest love. I believe you think as fondly of your choice, and the thought gives me great pleasure: judge, then, what I shall be. Your absence has given greater pains to my heart than angel or scripture can express; and nothing but your presence can supply a remedy for them. I beg of ye to tell your father from me, that I make it a prayer with him to advance the appointed time by two days; so that he may be at court before the old term, or, at least, on the day fixed; otherwise I shall think either that the lover's round will not take place at all; or, at least, not according to my expectations. Hoping soon to tell ye with my lips the many other pangs I have borne while away from ye, I conclude in lack of time. Written by the hand of the secretary who at this moment wishes himself in secret with ye, and who is, and ever will be, your loyal and most assured servant.

Monthly Magazine.

Miscellanies.

THE DUELLIST.

The promise of his youth was bright,
And fortune lent her smile;
And genius, like a burning light,
Illum'd his path the while.
And friendship wove a burnished chain,
And bound it round his brow,
And dearly was he lov'd again,
By her who heard his vow.
One glance of her sweet eyes of blue
Was worth an age of bliss,
And oh, they smiled on him too true
For such a world as this.

He had a mother, and her joy
Was centered all in one,
The spirit of her noble boy
Was of her world, the sun.
And tho' the winter of her age
Came o'er the wreck of years,
His smile could all her grief assuage,
And dry her flowing tears.
The birds were sporting in the grove,
'Twas in the month of May,
When to Matilda and to love
He gave his hand away.

I saw him in his love-lit bower,
When all was bright and gay—
Alas that ever came the hour
That swept its bloom away.

'Twas on a summer's eve like this,
He wandered far alone;
But first he stole a parting kiss
From her his chosen one.

And as in whispers tremblingly,
He said, "My love farewell,"
I saw a tear bedim his eye—
I saw his bosom swell.

He went—but ne'er returned again—
He went at "honour's" call,
To shed his blood like crimson rain—
Ingloriously to fall—

He fell!—and at the cottage now,
Down on the village green,
With hollow cheek and dewy brow
Is young Matilda seen:

And nightly by the pale moon's beam,
She wanders to his rest—
And still recalls the cruel dream
That wrings her bleeding breast.

He sleeps! and near him gently sleeps,
His aged mother dear;
Matilda only lives and keeps
Her weeping vigils here.

THE SUGAR-CANE.

The mountains of Jamaica are generally crowned with numerous trees of different species, ever verdant, forming beautiful groves and cool retreats. The valleys also are usually verdant, being refreshed with many streams and adorned with plantations of choice and valuable plants, particularly the sugar-cane.

The reed or cane, which yields us such an agreeable juice, is like the reeds we generally see in morasses and on the edges of lakes, except that the skin of these latter is hard and dry, and their pith void of juice, whereas the skin of the sugar-cane is soft, and the pith very juicy, though in a greater or less degree, according to the quality of the soil, its exposure to the

sun, the season it is cut in, and its age, which circumstances contribute equally to its goodness and its bulk. The sugar-cane usually grows to the height of six or seven feet, sometimes higher, exclusive of the long green-tufted leaves at top, from the middle of which rise the flower and the seed. The stalk is divided by knots or joints, whence likewise shoot out leaves; but these usually fall as the cane rises, and it is a sign that the cane is not good, or that it is far from its maturity, when the knots are beset with leaves. The cane is yellowish when ripe, and about an inch in diameter.

When the canes are ripe, they are cut up one at a time with a proper instrument, being too large to be mowed by a scythe. The canes are then bundled up into faggots, and carried to the mills, which are very curious machines, contrived to bruise them and press out the liquor or juice they contain. These mills are composed of three wooden rollers, covered with iron, which are of four kinds, being turned either by slaves, water, wind, or cattle.

The juice pressed from the canes is conveyed through a leaden canal into the sugar-house, where it passes successively into a number of coppers or cauldrons, heated by different degrees of fire, by which process the juice of the canes is purified, thickened, and rendered fit to be converted to any of the kinds of sugars.

In New England and Canada a sort of sugar is obtained from the juice of the maple-tree, by boiling it. A good tree will yield 80 gallons of juice, and this sugar is said to exceed that of the cane in its medicinal virtues. Sugar has also been made in large quantities in Prussia and France from an extract of beet-root. JEREMY BARTON.

HUMAN SACRIFICES IN INDIA.

In the Indian Gazette, there is a report of the examination of certain persons caught in the act of carrying off a human victim to be sacrificed at Joiteepore. It appears that these men were directed by Oochung Bunggaunt Kooaur (brother in law of the Rajah of Joiteepore) to procure a man for this purpose, and that they actually seized a person named Mou, but an alarm being given, they were taken prisoners. They affirmed that Kooaur had for several years past immolated human victims, that after ablation of the intended victim, a garland of flowers was placed round his neck, and then his head was cut off by a scymeter. It appears that

these sacrifices were made to the Goddess Kallee, in hopes of procuring progeny.

Useful Domestic Hints.

Paste for sharpening Razors.—Oxide of tin levigated, vulgarly termed prepared putty, one ounce; saturated solution of oxalic acid, a sufficient quantity to form a paste. This composition is to be rubbed over the top of the strap, and when dry a little water may be added. The oxalic acid having a great attachment for iron, a little friction with this powder gives a fine edge to the razor.

Recipe for the Dropsy.—Put into a stone or earthen jug, a gallon of sale sound cider, together with a double handful of parsley roots and tops cut fine, a handful of horse-radish scraped, two table-spoonsful of pounded mustard-seed, half an ounce of oxymel of squills, and an ounce of juniper berries. The liquor to be kept warm by the fire twenty-four hours, to be often shaken, and strained for use. Dose for an adult, a wine-glass full three times a day, on an empty stomach. The dose may be increased if necessary. After the water has passed off, the patient should use moderate exercise, subsist on dry nourishing food, and abstain from all liquor as much as possible.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

EXTEMPORE ON THE LATE PLOUGHBOY
PORT.

BLOOMFIELD has wove his wreath from
Nature's loom,
His work's a harvest and a field of
bloom.

CURIOUS HANDBILL OF A SLOPSELLER IN HULL.—B—y, mercer and sea draper, High Street, Hull. Sailors rigged complete from stem to stern, viz. chapeau, mapeau, flying-gib, and flesh-jack; inner pen, outer pen, and cord defender; rudder case, and service to the same, up-traders, down-traders, fore-shoes, lacinings, gaskets, &c. &c.

With canvass bags,
To hold your cags,
And chests to sit upon;
Clasp knives, your meat
To cut and eat
When ship does lay along.

GRAY.—The poet Gray was notoriously fearful of fire, and kept a ladder of ropes in his bed-room. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge knew this, roamed him from below, in the middle of a dark night, with the cry of fire! The staircase, they said, was in flames. Up went his window, and down he came by his rope-ladder, as fast as he could, into a tub of water, which they had placed to receive him.

EPIGRAM.

On a Mr. Perfect's comparing [the Author to a Knave of Spades.

Perfect, for satire so renowned,
Now feels the lash he meant for me.
I'm but the picture of a knave.
A perfect knave in all his actions he.

HOW TO DISPERSE A MOB.—In the year 1792, the women of Toulon declared themselves in a state of insurrection; and, assembling *en foule*, threatened to hang the magistrates: the procurator syndic at first laughed at their threats; but the multitude refusing to disperse, he assembled the council general of the commune, and ordered the fire-engines, with a plentiful supply of water, mixed with soot, to be drawn out in battle array: by a vigorous discharge of which smutty artillery, the petticoat insurgents were completely routed, and returned quietly to their homes.

IRISH HUMOUR.—An American citizen, for the purpose of arresting attention, caused his sign to be set upside down. One day, while the rain was pouring down with great violence, a son of Hibernia was discovered directly opposite, standing with some gravity upon his head, and fixing his eyes steadfastly on the sign. On an inquiry being made of this inverted gentleman, why he stood in so singular an attitude, he answered, "I am trying to read that sign."

A SPECIAL JURY.—Judge Doddridge having at Huntingdon assizes, in 1619, reproved the Sheriff for returning persons to the jury who were not of sufficient respectability; at the next assizes the Sheriff presented the following list, at which the Judge smiled, and at the same time applauded his ingenious industry:—Maximilian King, of Torland; Henry Prince, of Godmanchester; George Duke, of Somersham; William Marquis, of Stukeley; Edward Earl, of Hartford; Robert Lord, of Worsley; Richard Baron, of

Bythorpe; Edward Knight, of St. Neot's; Peter Esquire, of Easton; George Gentleman, of Spaldock; Robert Yeoman, of Barham; Stephen Pope, of Weston; Humphrey Cardinal, of Kimbolton; William Bishop, of Bugden; John Abbot, of Stukeley; Richard Friar, of Ellington; Henry Monk, of Stukeley; Edward Priest, of Graffham; Richard Deacon, of Cuts-worth.

EPITAPH IN PETERBOROUGH CHURCH-YARD.

Reader, pass on, nor idly waste your time,
In bad biography, or bitter rhyme;
What I am, this cumbrous clay insures,
And what I was is no affair of yours.

Prince Potemkin going up the Palace stairs to visit the Empress of Russia, met Prince Orloff, who was descending to return to his own apartments. The former, not wishing to seem at a loss, addressed his predecessor with the trite inquiry of "What news is there at Court?" "None," replied Prince Orloff, carelessly, "Save that you are going up, and I am coming down."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Carling will find a letter at our office, where it has remained for some weeks. J. F.—I must finish his article before we can begin it.

The suggestion of a Lover of the Drama is as thankfully received, as it is kindly offered, but so far as the Editor can judge, the alteration would not generally be approved of by the readers of the Mirror.

We should be glad to avail ourselves of the offer of R. M. M.

Achilles must be above Parr in age, if he can vouch for the authenticity of the anecdote he sends us, since we recollect reading it in a book, a century old, at least.

The epigram on the two Harveys has already appeared in the Mirror.

How can Abraham Newland's Eclogue be original when he sends it to us in print?

The North Star has been received, but we cannot at present promise to oblige him.

Philastimos's cross-readings are very poor.

P. T. W. on Epitaphs, and a Theatrical Epistle, intended for our present number, shall appear next week.

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